the ſtoutſt man: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion, in the which better part I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he ſhould cõterfet too and riſe? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him ſure, yea and ile ſweare I kild him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother Iohn, ful brauely haſt thou fleſh't
Thy mayden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, whom haue we heare?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſs and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eieſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falſtalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if you father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next Percie himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure ye.

Prin. Why, Percie I kild my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my ſword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother Iohn,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happieſt termes I haue.

A retraite is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retrait, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let vs to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exe*

Fal. Ile follow, as they ſay, for reward. Hee that rewar
God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe leſſ
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely as a nob
ſhould do. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, Prince of Wal
Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, With W
and Vernon, priſoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill ſpirited Worceſter, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three knights vpon our partie ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle and many a creature elſe,
Had bene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd mee to:
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded it fals on me.

King. Beare Worceſter to the death, and Vernon t
Other offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percie ſlaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I beſeech your grace
I may diſpoſe of him.